a Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver. If the Liver is inactive the whole sys-tem is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is de-pressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure dur-ing its use, makes Sim-mons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

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H. H. JONES, Macon, Ga.

ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Priscilla, who often wondered why it had been necessary to name her after her dead and gone great-grandaunt, was growing up into a fine young woman. She was 16 and tall at that

Her cousin, Tomlinson Perrybrook, then five and twenty, made up his the prettiest, best and sweetest little darling living. But she was only 16. He would say nothing yet. He would wait until she was 17 and then speak.

place.

He laid out new paths, planted new trees, improved the garden and gave the parlor a fine frescoed wall den in her breast. and ceiling, a new Persian carpet and velvet furniture.

Meanwhile he said nothing to Priscills, having not the slightest doubt that she liked him and would say "Yes" whenever he said "Will you?"

did not make love to her. Every one in the house knew this except Tomlinson himself. He was waiting, for the seventeenth birthday, Before that time Priscilla went to London to pay a visit. There, at who fell desperately in love with

In her heart Priscilla wished that her Cousin Tomlinson had been in his place, but as far as she knew her Cousin Tomlinson had no more than cousinly affection for her, Consequently, feeling that her youth was waning with the approach of her seventeenth birthday, she accepted her first offer and came bome tell her father and mother what she had done.

They in turn told Cousin Tomlinson, who, having contrived to hide his emotion, escaped from them as soon as possible and went home to shut himself up in the frescoed parlor he had furnished for unconscious Priscilla and cry like a girl.

There was nothing for it now but to get over his misery as well as he could, and he congratulated his cousin in a very pretty choice of words and went away to distract his mind by travel. He resolved not to return until the end of November. This was May. In June his aunt, Priscilla's mother, wrote to him. One of the paragraphs of her letter contained a tremendous piece of news. It was this:

"I am sorry to tell you, dear nephew, that Priscilla has quarreled with the gentleman ahe was to marry and that the affair is quite broken off, so that she has even given him back his ring. Of course such events are unpleasant, though we are glad to keep our girl a little longer. Mr. Dinwiddie was silly enough to be

jealous without reason,"

Priscilla was free again. Cousin Tomlinson's spirits arose. The fres-oxed parlor arose before his imagination, with Priscilla on one side of the grate and he upon the other in twin armchairs. He saw her driving the little pony phaeton he intended to buy for her down the broad path leading from the house to the gate, and he was just three days' distance from home, and a woman whose heart has just been hurt is always readier to accept a salve for it in the shape of a new lover, as we all

It would be well for him to return home and exhibit himself as Priscilla's adorer in this moment of maiden humiliation. But this young man liked to carry out the plans he had formed for himself. He had said that he would travel until November, and it seemed proper to do so. Con-sequently he proceeded on his jour

Now, Priscilla, who had not loved

gone face had given her a notion of him.

truth the day he called to bid her It was Mr. Wincher, whom he adieu before he set off upon his jour- knew very well.

"Tell my cousin, mamma," she had said, and mamma had written. But when Tomlinson made no response, Priscilla grew angry; when he did not return or even write to her, angrier yet.

At last when June, July, August, ised to make me happy by becoming September and October had passed Mrs. Wincher." she began to confess that she was an idiot to throw away a true heart for one that had no love for her, and that Tomlinson had worn a long face for some other reason than her engagement.

exactly on the 23d of November, as he had resolved in the first place, Tomlinson returned home, and to lose no time hurried to his aunt's as soon as he had made himself presentable, with the firm intention of proposing to Priscilla that very evening, he stood aghast at the door of the parlor before a very pretty picture that dissolved before his gaze—his Cousin Priscilla with a gentleman's arm around her waist. He retreated to his aunt.

"Who is that?" he asked, pointing to the parlor.

"Mr. Dinwiddie," said his aunt. "I thought you told me"-began poor Tomliuson.

"Only a lovers' quarrel after all," said the aunt smilingly and quite unaware of Tomlinson's anguish.

"They've made it up beautifully."

He went away shortly after and left his compliments for his cousin.

Miss Priscilla married Mr. Dinwiddie this time and really grew to love mind to marry her if he could get him, but there was something charm-her, since in his estimation she was ing about her Cousin Tomlinson, erect ing about her Cousin Tomlinson, erect as a poplar and trim as a Quaker, which was exceedingly to her taste.

His little pink mouth and narrow, well drawn eyebrows were very, very pretty. His Lair was always Then Tomlinson Perrybrook, having made up his mind quietly, went on his coat. She sometimes contrastback to his occupation, which was ed him with her husband and wished what he called "improving his that heaven had given her such a man, but no one ever guessed it, and the poor young lady seemed very much ashamed of the silly secret hid-

She was in all respects a good wife and resolutely set herself to banishing her cousin's image from her breast. She believed herself to have saved all these years and kissed it, succeeded when 10 years had gone and taking his cane (he had already by, but Tomlinson was still a bach-Priscilla did like him. She was elor and still kept the room he se-scretly a good deal in love with cretly called Priscilla's parlor as a secretly a good deal in love with cretly called Priscilla's parlor as a him and very much hurt that he sort of secret hiding place, where he went at times very late in the even-ing with a flat candlestick to bewail his single blessedness and indulge in

retrospection. But a change was at hand. Mr. Dinwiddie, who was fond of horses, the house of a fashionable relative, bought a fine spirited one in the she met a fashionable young man morning and rode him out in the aft-

That night Priscilla kept dinner waiting long-indeed forever. No one ever ate that dinner, for in the rush past like some black phantom without his rider.

The poor fellow lay three miles back upon the lonely road, prone on his face, stone dead: And so Priscilla at 27 was a widow.

As time passed and her grief softened she certainly looked very well in her cap. Tomlinson thought so, so did Mr. Wincher, who settled her

husband's property.

This time Tomlinson made up his mind promptly. Of course it would be indecorous to intrude upon a wid-

bring them to Dec. 24, 18-. He girl does those between the present

and her first ball. Mrs. Dinwiddie's legal gentleman, found it necessary to call—on business-very often.

The year tottered away. The month after it waxed and waned. Once or twice when they met by chance something in Tomlinson's her late words: eyes had revived old fancies in the "Yes, yes, dela widow's heart. But at the end of the year she remembered he had not so much as called once. She gave a ittle sigh and looked in the glass.

"Twenty-seven is not 17," she said as she pinned on her first white col-lar and tied on a little white crape bow. "I'm sure, at least, that Tom-linson used to think me very "He's an old man now, God bless pretty."

Just then a servant came to tell her that Mr. Wincher had called about a

piece of land. On the 24th of December, 18—, at half past 7 in the evening, as he had decided, Tomlinson Perrybrook, just 36, dressed himself with much care and observed, with some annoyance, that a bald spot as big as a shilling interfered with the straightness of the back parting of his hair. Buttoning a pair of pearl colored kid gloves, he betook himself to his cous-

her lover, but only been pleased by linson waited half an hour. Then a his love for her, had thought a good deal about Tomlinson, whose weebe-

ney, and she had actually purposely made her lover quarrel with her and ment, my dear fellow," he said in a broken off her match on his account. whisper. "She's a little agitated. Ladies always are on such occasions. We'll leave her to herself awhile." "Occasions - what occasions!"

asked Tomlinson. "You haven't suspected me, then?" Wincher said. "She has just prom-

Again Tomlinson, with a woeful aspect, uttered congratulations.

Again Mrs. Dinwiddie gave a little

sigh and drove away a little thought. She was married to Mr. Wincher in the spring, and there was no sud The consequence was that when den dissolution of the marriage, for Mr. Wincher lived 30 years, which, for a gentleman who was 48 on his wedding day was not doing so badly. He died of something with, an ex-

ceedingly long name, and having been very kind indeed to his wife she shed a great many bitter tears and felt very, very lonely.

She was 58 now and had no chil-

The second widow's cap and crape veil shaded the face of an elderly woman, but she had grown round and had a bloom in her cheeks, few gray hairs and a splendid set of false

When she had been a widow six months, Tomlinson Perrybrook, an old bachelor of 65, utterly bald and grown woefully thin, sat over his soli-

"It is queer how old fancies hang on," he said to himself. "I suppose I could have any beautiful young girl I choose to propose to" (an old bachelor always believes that, and the older he grows and the uglier he gets the stronger this strange hallucination becomes). "But I am fond-er of Priscilla than any of them."

think her an old woman, but she's a darling yet, and if I can get her to marry a third time and come here and live in the old house I made ready for her when she was 17 the end of my life will be its happiest, and, God bless her! I'll try my best to make her happy too."

Then he went to his desk and looked at a bit of ribbon she had dropped from her hair the day she was first a bride, and that he had had a twinge or two of rheumatism) went to call upon his Cousin Priscilla.

Portly and rosy, she sat knitting at her fire, neatly clad in widow's weeds. Opposite her sat a stout gentleman, perhaps two or three years her junior.

"This is my next door neighbor, Mr. Packer, Cousin Tomlinson," she

Tomlinson bowed; so did Mr. P.

"Any relative of Mrs. Wincher's
I'm delighted to know, I'm suro," he said, with great emphasis, but he did

not go. It is etiquette for one caller to leave ghostly moonlight, as she sat at her soon after the arrival of another, window, she saw her husband's horse Cousin Tomlinson knew, but perhaps Mr. Packer did not. At all events he sat and sat and talked and talked until Tomlinson, rising, said:

"Cousin Priscilla, will you see me to the door? I've a word to say to you.

She smiled and went into the hall with him. He drew the door shut.

"He pays long calls, I see," he said, indicating Mr. Packer.
Something like a blush mounted to

Priscilla's face.
"Perhaps he thinks he has a right to do so," she said. "I'm glad you

ow's grief with words of love. He called tonight, for when a woman would wait a year for decency, and one month over for good measure. The year and one month would be realf. You must do it for me, cousin them to Dec. 24, 18—. He would propose on the evening of Dec. am engaged to Mr. Packer. He is would propose on the evening of Dec. am engaged to Mr. Packer. He is a worthy man and respects me notebook and counted the days as a very much and has 14 motherless children, and our estates join, and I am lonesome-oh, so lonesome! And Meanwhile he made no sign and when people at our time of life do kept away, and Mr. Wincher, being this sort of thing, what is the use of Mrs. Dinwiddie's legal gentleman, delay! I shall, of course, not marry before the year is out, but then"-

Poor Tomlinson! He sat down on a hall chair and excused the act by speaking of his late attack of rheumatism. Then he added, apropos of

"Yes, yes, delays are dangerous!" And then he said very softly: "Well, well! Goodby, Cousin Pris-

cilla! Goodby!"

And he held her hand longer than he had ever before and for the last

him," she said, "but how frim and straight he is.'

Then the thought that had haunted all her life flashed into her heart for an instant and warmed it back to

"Ah, no fool like an old fool," she said and went back to Mr. Packer, who had meanwhile refreshed himself with a short nap, with his head against the paper, and burst out of it with confused apologies.

Mr. Packer outlived his wife, and Mr. Toulinson died before she did.

gioves, he betook himself to his cous-in's residence. He rang the bell. He never made up his mind about the girl answered it and took in his card. She returned to beg that he would wait a few moments. Tom-

AT VERSAILLES.

She stepped upon that frammat sward,
She watched the joyous fountains play.
The girlish queen, whose fate was hard.
Her sunshine lested scurce a day.

Her eyes and lips with smiles alight, The charming Marie Automette; Her hopes were lost in blackest night; Her follies let the world forget.

The marming Marie Antoinette, She toved a play, a rout or balk her follos let the world forget, She paid so dearly for them all.

Ahl who can say what thoughts she had? No doubt her loved Versalles she saw. The past unrolled, both good and bad. Versalles still owns her sovereign law.

No doubt her loved Versallies she saw. She lingers yet around the spot. Varsallies still owns her sovereign law; By no one can it be forgot.

Jamping Gtraffes.

It used to be an amusement and also a duty to me to try and show the animals to native gentlemen when they came from their country seats to visit Calcutta, and I invariably invited them to come with me to see the zoo. I think that the giraffes puzzled them most. One fine old Hindoo nobleman, with whom I have many a time been out tiger shooting on his own property, suggested that the giraffe was a new sort of tiger, but he was comforted and convinced when he saw them est the eranch of a tree from my hand. I wish that he could have been present to witness a performance of this pair of giraffes, which I did not see myself, though fortunately Lord William Beresford saw it and told

On the morning of the queen's birthday

At the first round of the firing the g At the first round of the firing the giraffes were startled. When the second round carrie, they took to their heels and jumped clean over the fence of upright gurran or wattle sticks, about 10 feet high, that surrounded their inclosure.

When the third round came, the giraffes were so puzzled that they turned round and popped over the fence again and sought

saved all these years and kissed it, not a mount on one of the giraffea -- Long-

A simple contrivance, designed to save a great deal of washingday work, can be put in place very easily. It consists of a little house or shed, 15 inches long, fastened opening on hinges, which lets down, dis-clusing the barrel on which the clothesline is wound. To this, at one end, a crank andle is attached with a ratchet In putting up the line, one end of which is tied to the barrel, first unwind the line and it up and shut up the side opening to pro tect the rope from rain, dampness and mil-dew.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Camibalism Among Crickets. for certain observations in a rearing draw-er or box (caja de herborizacion) the num-bers diminished from day to day. At last only one—not a little fattened—remained by the side of the remains of his former

ompanions. Hitherto cannibalism among the crickets has been noticed only among captives, but I am now enabled to state that under cer-tain conditions cannibalism is present among some orthopters in the free state, at all events among the locusts.—Carl Berg in Natural Science.

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She watched the joyous fountains play, Her eyes and lips with smiles slight. Her sunshine lasted scarce a day, Her hopes were lost in blackest night.

She loved a play, a rout or ball; She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem; She paid so dearly for them all, E'en with her life and diadem.

She loved a brilliant, sporkling gem.
Abl who shall count the price she paid?
E'en with her life and diadem.
As on the block her head she laid.

Ahl who shall count the price she paid?
Ahl who can say what thoughts she had
As on the block her head she laid.
The past unrolled, both good and bad? HOUSE PAINTING,

She lingers yet around the spot—
The girlish queen, whose fats was hard.
By no one can it be forgot
She stepped upon that fragrant sward.
—M. A. B. Evans in Outpa.

"She is changed, of course; not pretty now, and I suppose other men closure when a feu de joic was fired by the think her an old woman, but she's a soldiers of a native infantry regiment, whose quarters are not far from the zoo.

and popped over the fence again and sought refuge in the house in which they were lodged at night. It is a great pity that a sportsman and rider like Lord William Beresford, who saw this strange sight, had

How to Put Up & Clothesline, house or shed, is inches long, rastened stoutly all along one side against the outer wall of a building, or perhaps against a fence, though one objection to the latter is that the line when stretched and hung with wet clothes would pull upon the fence and perhaps cause it to sag in time. A part of the other or outer side of the little clothesline shelter is made in a sort of door. pass it around each pole until all is in the position wanted. Slip the loop in the end over the last pole, then go back to the box, turn the crank until all the line is straight and taut, then fasten by means of the racket so that it cannot unwind. This prevents "sagging" effectually. When the

In an assemblage of many crickets kept



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